

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Kings Sent For Me"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth, Raekwon, Kurupt & Craig G)

*[Raekwon:]*

Yo what up?

Stop parking your rollers on the side of the street homey

This is fucking Chef, man

This your brother Chef, man

From Shaol-land

You already know it's Shaolin, what goin' on?

*[Raekwon:]*

Back for vengeance, glocked up, drinkin' Cîroc up

Call it what you call it, I'ma call it some block stuff

Used to flashing gats, double barrels that flips narrow

Don't even give it to Daryl then

Hang with the monster mobsters

All of them keep rockets on 'em, ain't no sense for the arguments

Drugs and guns and dunns in every part of my plan's done

Hidin' in my mansion, one year

I'ma a Polo head, Polo with a Rover sober red

Ridin' with my niggas in Chicago, hold the lead my nigga

'Cause it's the bigger we get, the bigger you fall

The bigger we shit, check the wall full of scholars

Bank robbers ankle gold joggers

All my niggas quick to get off, poppin' collars, kid

It's just a family status

Don't get sprayed up for fuckin' with the family cabbage

*[Hook - Bronze Nazareth:]*

Samuriders, scramble when I aim and toke

Best believe I'ma flame your ankle with metal bolts

From the flavors you taste when the rocks is quotes

I'ma have a bronze [?] with all onyx scopes

My hands stay clean without the soap

When you see it's us you feel the rush, the opposite of hope

Slammin' grammar wizard choke and the hammer hits the oak

Slam a wiz that's cold, I deliver keys of coke

*[Kurupt:]*

He must be on meds and shit

I keeps one of those thangs that shreds your shit

Or did he forget the number of how many get hit?

For fuckin' with real niggas, more money to get

Fuck it, sandblast niggas like the Mojave

Beef Mugabe I'll be probably oddly

Pushin' down the street low key bucket and banger

Front liners with me strictly, buckin' and bangin'

Twistin' the robbery, on missions soldiers

Goblins know got steam brewin' niggas like Folgers  
Fronkenstein, I'ma bubble away  
From triplin' what a nigga made yesterday  
Before I start bustin' a musket, ivory tusk handle on the hammer  
Trust me it must be Pentagon or nothing motherfucker  
I won't tell you again  
Sand rider Samurider I'ma ride till the end

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus:]*

Women are for fucking, men are for fighting  
Who cares as long as they both bend over smiling  
Yo, I get muddy like Volkswagen offroad buggy  
Ladies love me, teddy bears and puppies  
Poisonous insects and animals in the stash house  
Lookin' for cash, don't put your hand in the couch  
Frodo Baggins escort the Komodo dragon  
Repeat rappin', memorize the God's solo classic  
Predator prowler, truth to power, gunpowder  
Plaid lumberjack flak jackets and cowboy trousers  
Ponderosa Ibuprofen, gasoline-soaked Mimosas  
Ocean spray Grey Goose dolphins  
Charles Bronson, Godzilla, Gulf of Tonkin  
Sponsored by the Luxor, the casino comped him  
The rat hunters cut his dick off last summer  
Flushed it down the toilet, sent it back to his mother

*[Hook]*

*[Craig G:]*

Heartless, like war torn soldiers in Bosnia  
I was with his girl yesterday, ain't have to Bill Cosby her  
Craig G, Can-I-Bus, Rae, Kurupt  
Antiseptic on beats, you ain't low spray your guts  
What? Cover it up with a Band Aid  
Damn straight you'll never come close when we mandate  
These verbal executions, fittin' MCs necks for nooses  
Catch him as he cops a few loosies  
I literally and figuratively shoot fifths  
True shit, a way to lose quick  
Is to cross me, leave a body cold in these warm streets  
Hop off stage punch him in the face hop back on beat  
Hold New York, 42nd Street was for dope fiends  
Triple feature Kung Fu flicks and other coke schemes  
Orange boxcutters, and [?]  
It's different now it's easy to act tough from a safe place

*[Hook]*